THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 1, 1805.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE *of* RESUSCITATION.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I Haſten to inform you of a fact which cannot be too generally known:—A youth about eighteen years of age, in this neighbourhood, was tempted a few days ago to take the diverſion of ſkaiting on a large pond, the ice of which was not ſufficiently ſtrong to bear his weight: in a few minutes it broke with him, and he ſunk out of his depth in the ſight of ſeveral children, and a man who was binding hay in the next field. On hearing the cries of thoſe who beheld the accident, the poor man ran to the ſpot, and humanely daſhed into the middle of the pond, by breaking the ice as he proceeded. He took out the drowning youth, apparently lifeleſs, and carried him into a barn, when, on examining his pockets, they found one of Dr. Hawes's cards, with the directions for the reſuſcitative proceſs. The means, in part, were immediately tried, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that in ten or twelve minutes the lad revived, and was able to ſignify that he was the ſon of a ſurgeon, but begged his father might not be informed of the accident, as he had forbidden his making the raſh attempt.

Now the circumſtance deſerving attention is, that his life was unqueſtionably ſaved from his having the above deſcribed card in his pocket, which, however, turned out to be merely accidental. I beg leave to ſuggeſt to the ſociety, the propriety of printing and giving away theſe cards in abundance; or that moſt bookſellers ſhould ſell them at a halfpenny or penny a piece, ſo that boys or men might be furniſhed with them when they go to bathe in ſummer, or ſkait in winter: the probability of ſucceſs,

in recovering a drowned perſon, ariſes from the promptitude of the means uſed with the unfortunate patient. "What thou doeſt, do quickly," is a proper motto for ſuch a card of directions; and was, in part, the occaſion of the ſpeedy exertion which, in the above inſtance, produced ſuch a happy effect.

I truſt there is no need to apologiſe for troubling you on this ſingular occurrence; and am your humble ſervant,

P. C.

St. Alban's, February 3, 1805.

Narrative of the Loſs of the Earl of Abergavenny Eaſt Indiaman, Captain John Wordſworth, off Portland, on the Night of February 5, 1805.

(Concluded from Page 225.)

ONE of the crew, a Portugueſe, died on Wedneſday, the 13th, from exceſſive fatigue. A few hours before he expired, he deſired the perſon who attended on him, to procure him a wax candle, producing at the ſame time the laſt ſhilling he poſſeſſed. He requeſted it to be lit, and placed by his bedſide, ſaying that he ſhould expire before it was burnt out; and from that moment obſtinately perſiſted in refuſing all ſuſtenance, and died a few hours after.

The fate of poor Mrs. Blair cannot but intereſt the feeling heart: ſhe might have regained the ſhore with the other ladies, had ſhe not indulged the fondeſt hopes of ſecurity on board the veſſel, and entertained the utmoſt horror at encountering the dangers of a tempeſtuous ſea in an open veſſel. Thus it was with the Miſs Pierces in the Halſewell. Mr. Rogers, now captain of the General Stuart, who was then third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies near twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton (now captain) had quitted the ſhip. Soon after the latter left the round-houſe, the captain aſked what was become of him. Mr. Rogers replied that he was gone on the deck to ſee what could be done; after this, a heavy ſea breaking over the ſhip, the ladies exclaimed—"O poor Meriton! he is drowned! —had he ſtaid with us, he would have been ſafe!!!"

An inſtance of forethought not uſually attending youthful minds, preſented itſelf in the perſon of a cadet, named Gramſhaw, not more than fifteen years of age, who the moment the veſſel ſtruck, ran to the ſpot which was deſtined for his baggage, ſecured his watch, twenty guineas, and more than twenty letters of recommendation. With this precious charge he haſtened on deck, but ere he had time to ſurvey his treaſure, a wave came rolling

rolling over, and washed him into the sea; the youth had still recollection to cling to a friendly rope, and is among the list of the fortunate survivors.

A cadet, we believe of the name of Thwaites, sent out by Mr. Manship, the respectable father of the direction, made one of twenty who crowded into a boat. It had not gone many yards, ere it was upset. Mr. Thwaites clung to the boat, and was the only one who escaped: he was picked up when just sinking with fatigue and apprehension.

Mr. Baillie, a cadet, states that when he had fortunately ascended the shrouds, many of the people were running about the deck in the utmost consternation, and several endeavoured to attain the same situation. A Yorkshireman, one of the crew, got up to a tolerable height, but his further exertions were rendered ineffectual by one of his messmates having seized him by the leg; —all remonstrance was in vain, and (shocking to relate!) self-preservation so far overcame the dictates of humanity, that the Yorkshireman unclasped his knife, and cut the poor wretch's fingers!—He fell, and was dashed to pieces!—Many people died in the shrouds.

A singular circumstance happened to a serjeant who escaped the fatal doom of so many of his comrades: his wife, who was with him in the shrouds, on quitting her hold, as the last struggle for her life, bit a large piece from the husband's arm, which is dreadfully lacerated.

Webber, the captain's joiner, was miraculously saved! He was near the captain, who was standing on the hen-coop when the ship went down, whom he saw washed off by a sea, which also carried him (the carpenter) overboard, and he supposes with him, the launch full of sheep and a cow; for, on swimming a little time, he seeing the boat, fortunately gained it, and got therein among the cattle, from whence he was taken afterwards.

Captain Wordsworth, at the moment the Earl of Abergavenny was going down, was seen clinging to the ropes. Mr. Gilpin used every persuasion to induce him to endeavour to save his life; he did not seem desirous to survive the loss of his ship. The exertions of Cornet Burgoyne and the mates were most exemplary; they did all that human means could effect.

Captain Wordsworth had made two successful trips to India: he has left the kindest relations and the truest friends to lament his loss—but he was a single man; he had therefore no wife to grieve for his untimely fate, no children to mourn their unprotected state.

His last voyage had bestowed the full meed of fame. His ship formed a part of that gallant fleet of merchantmen which had made the admiral of the Marengo tremble. He had re-

ceived the nobleſt reward of valour—the thanks of his employers, the plaudits of a grateful nation.

How frail is the happineſs of mortals—how fleeting their joys! On the very inſtant that this melancholy accident occurred, the reſpectable relative of Captain Wordſworth, a veteran in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, was engaged in a convivial party, dwelling with honeſt pride on former ſucceſsful voyages, expatiating with rapture on the riſing proſpects of his young *eléve*, and circulating the cheerful glaſs in bumpers to the ſafe return of the Earl of Abergavenny. How great muſt have been his horror, his grief, and his deſpair on the dreadful news reaching him, when it acted like an electric ſhock even on ſtrangers!

Since the wreck of the Halſewell, never had ſuch a univerſal ſcene of woe preſented itſelf at the Eaſt India Houſe.—The purſer was ſo overcome by the frequent repetition of the ſad—ſad ſtory, that, ſoon after he left the India Houſe, he fell into a ſtrong fit. He unhappily had more than general cauſe for ſorrow—

"It was a ſee grief due to his ſingle breaſt!"

a ſon—his pride—his hope—had unfortunately periſhed in the common wreck, and under ſuch diſtreſſing circumſtances, that to relate them were to "add the death" of the ſurvivor. He was undreſſed, put into a warm bed, and receiving every medical and ſoothing aid which humanity could ſuggeſt, was ſoon reſtored to the misfortune of memory.

It is to the credit of the poor common ſailors who periſhed, that no turbulence whatever occurred; they worked cheerfully; they had no regular allowance of grog—a glaſs of liquor was ſerved out to each man from the private cheſt of a cadet, and they died in the very act of diſcharging their duty.

It is worthy of remark that Cornet Burgoyne, (a name deſervedly dear to Engliſhmen), while clinging to the maſt after the veſſel had ſunk, perceiving the ſpirits of his fellows in affliction to droop, cheered them with a ſong:—it was a ditty well adapted to their ſituation; the paſſengers and crew joined cheerfully in the chorus. The boats which had come to their aſſiſtance, alarmed at merriment ſeemingly ſo ill ſuited to the melancholy ſcene, at firſt were fearful of approaching, dreading the effect of what was deemed the impulſe of deſperation; they were ſoon, however, induced to perſevere in their humane intention by the repeated cheers of thoſe whom misfortune had thus ſtrangely aſſociated.

Mr. Dent, the managing owner of the Earl of Abergavenny, had two nephews on board, cadets, who were unfortunately loſt. Mr. Dent, at the time of this fatal diſaſter, was confined to his chamber;

chamber; nor was it 'till lately that his friends thought it prudent to divulge the melancholy catastrophe. He bore the intelligence like a man—he could not help feeling it as a man. Since this Mr. Dent has had the misfortune to lose his brother, Mr. John Dent, the banker.

We shall conclude this affecting narrative with Mr. William White's account of his own providential preservation. Mr. White was a midshipman and coxswain.

"To save the ship was impossible, and our only method to preserve our lives, was to run her aground; but, alas! this was also impossible: the water having reached the orlop-deck, a sudden gust of wind laid her almost on her beam-ends, and in a few moments she sunk. As she was going down, what a horrid scene presented itself!—every poor soul shrieking in despair!

"I drifted some way from the ship on a hen-coop, with two others, when it upset, and they found a watery grave!—I tried to regain my seat on the hen-coop, but without effect; and in making, as I thought my last effort, caught hold of a piece of the wreck, from which a poor fellow had just lost his hold, and was drowned. Thank God! I at last regained the mizen-rigging, almost water logged, and crawled with several others into the mizen-top."

He says he could not swim, but threw himself into the water as soon as he saw the ship was sinking, trusting for his safety to his own active exertions, assisted by God.

William Akers, the ship's steward, with the carpenter, and gunner, were also saved by a similar happy circumstance.

Interesting Particulars respecting the Venetian, Genoese, Maltese, and Turkish Fleets.

[From Charnock's History of Marine Architecture.]

LONG fallen from that height which she had for so long a space of time held in the maritime world, whether considered as a warlike or as a commercial state, Venice contracted within herself, appeared content with that share in mercantile pursuits, of which the acquiescence and liberality of states more powerful than herself permitted her the enjoyment. The share which was allowed her seemed perfectly sufficient to the maintenance of that splendour, that luxury, and those dissipated habits of life, which the Venetians had gradually entered into from the time when the dazzling brightness of the warlike character which they once possessed, began to tarnish and lose its lustre. Their conduct seemed similar to that of a ruined man, who wishes to drown the memory of the state of affluence from whence he has

has fallen in a continued round of riot and debauchery. Their insignificance secured them from the envy of other countries, and their agreeable manners produced a constant influx of wealthy foreigners to their city, who pleased for a time with the variety of pleasures which surrounded them, were happy in contributing towards the future maintenance of those gaieties from whence they had themselves derived so much amusement and satisfaction. What remained of their state marine appeared analagous to the temper of the people; the form of their ships was light, airy, and apparently ill calculated to brave the horrors of a tempest, or of those tremendous seas which frequently occur even in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Their decorations were equally characteristic, as it were, of the public mind, gay and gaudy; their ships of war, and some even of their merchant vessels, appeared better fitted for the yachts of princes than for the purposes of naval contest.

The Genoese, and some others among the Mediterranean or Italian states, had never shown themselves ambitious of possessing a navy, since the use of galleys as the sole vessels of combat had become exploded. Their public navies consisted of a few vessels under this description, incapable of rendering any further service to their country, than by occasionally checking the boldness of the inferior corsairs belonging to the Barbary states, who were in the habit of maintaining frequent warfare with them. Their commerce was almost equally insignificant; so that the impotence of their protectors became less felt, because the duty that was required of them was consequently so inconsiderable. An exception must, however, be made in respect to the kingdom of Naples. Exclusive of rather a formidable fleet of galleys, the Neapolitans possessed a squadron, not sufficiently consequential indeed to strike terror into, or create any apprehension in the minds of the higher maritime powers, but fully sufficient to their necessities, and to the protection of their own state against those enemies whose anger they had cause to dread.

The knights of Malta, who derived from their profession the peculiar privilege of disturbing the peace of all the adjacent countries which were inhabited by Mahometans, maintained in a constant state of equipment a fleet of galleys, with an inconsiderable number of ships of war and frigates; but the decline of that intolerant spirit of hereditary warfare, which had been carried on with the utmost animosity on both sides during a number of centuries, has tended very materially to diminish the force and consequence of their navy. The battle of Lepanto appeared to have given the death stroke to this species of folly or insanity; and, except the unavoidable disputes with the Barbary states, whose trade and sole maritime occupation was, and in some measure still continues to be, piracy, the wars between the Christians and Turks became at least as unfrequent as they were

among the Chriſtians themſelves. The naval ſtrength of the Mahometans was at laſt on a par with that of their natural opponents; and were it not indeed that the ſtates of Barbary ſtood in ſome meaſure overawed by the higher maritime powers, the trade of the Italians would run no ſmall riſk of being continually plundered, and reduced almoſt to a ſtate of annihilation.

Along the ſhores of Africa, the uſe of galleys appears to have conſiderably declined; and that of feluccas, or xebecks, has been ſubſtituted in their room. Theſe veſſels, particularly the latter, have it in their power, from the form of their hull as well as ſails, not only to ſpread more canvas, and conſequently uſe more ſpeed, either in flight or purſuit, but may alſo be armed to ſuch an extent, as to render them no contemptible opponents to a frigate, even of the higheſt claſs. They are, therefore, certainly better adapted to the purpoſes of indiſcriminate hoſtility than galleys, which, it muſt be evident, are of inferior power; and their ſuperiority may well account for their general uſe among a people to whoſe habits they appear particularly ſerviceable. To the veſſels juſt mentioned may be added a few ſhips of war, the force of which ſufficiently proves there is no dereliction from thoſe political principles which have been the favourite and leading maxims of theſe ſtates, moſt probably from their very foundation. War, commenced on the ordinary grounds of public diſpute, unconnected with, and unaccompanied by, plunder, being conſidered by them as a meaſure totally inadmiſſible into the code by which the conduct of their government is regulated, the poſſeſſion of any ſhipping ſuperior in force to the commercial veſſels againſt which their attacks are deſtined, or that of the ſmall ſhips of war which may occaſionally attend them for their protection, would be an uſeleſs act of profuſion. In reſpect to commerce, and the veſſels employed in that occupation throughout the whole ſtates of Barbary, to which may be added the empire of Morocco itſelf, the extent of the one, and the number of the other, are ſo trivial, that they may almoſt be compared to a ſpeck, ſcarcely diſcernible by the naked eye, when taken in compariſon with the marine of Europe alone: the few veſſels, however, which they poſſeſſed at the period now ſpoken of, were chiefly feluccas, and the principal part of their mercantile concerns confined merely to the port of Gibraltar.

The dignity of the Ottoman empire not ſuffering it to deſcend into thoſe acts of depredation, without the exiſtence of a public quarrel, which their tributaries and dependants had forced themſelves to believe were by no means contrary to what are called the laws of nations, the Turkiſh navy has conſtantly borne a far more reſpectable appearance. It has conſtantly carried with it every reſemblance of a regular eſtabliſhment, intimately con-

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nected with, and intended, as is the practice of the moſt powerful maritime ſtates, firſt, for the protection of the country itſelf; and ſecondly, for the annoyance of all foes who ſhould be hardy enough to moleſt it. Not entirely emancipated from the prejudices and cuſtoms of times long ſince paſt, no inconſiderable portion of the Turkiſh marine conſiſts of galleys, many of which are, however, of conſiderable dimenſions, and mount very heavy guns. Independent of theſe, the grand ſignior poſſeſſed, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a naval force not materially inferior to that which the northern powers of Europe reſpectively conſidered as ſufficient to their protection and their wants.

In form, in force, and in decorations, the Turks, with no inconſiderable aſſiduity, followed the example of their once implacable foes, the Venetians. Their ſhips of war rarely exceeded eighty guns, which, according to the practice of their enemies and tutors, were almoſt invariably braſs. All the gaudy ſplendour of gilding, of painting, and carved work, became intermingled with the powers and implements of warfare; ſo that it might, at firſt ſight, admit of ſome diſpute, whether the floating fabric was not intended merely for the purpoſes of ſtate, inſtead of the commiſſion of thoſe acts of hoſtility, or the ſuſtainment of that ſpecies of conflict, which threatened the demolition of all its grandeur. Upon the whole, however, the Turkiſh marine was by no means inſignificant, or intended merely for the purpoſes of ſhow and parade. Artiſts from foreign countries, allured by the general inducements of promiſed profits and viſionary honours, ſubmitted to transfer all thoſe principles of the ſcience which they poſſeſſed to Conſtantinople, and under equally ſcientific management, the Ottoman ſquadron might have proved capable of making no contemptible defence againſt that of any country in the world.

The frigates, or veſſels of force too inferior to take their ſtations in the line of battle, according to the arrangements of European tactics, were ſtill ſuperior in quality to the larger ſhips; many of them being exceeding good ſailers, and of large dimenſions, as well as formidable force, allowing for the claſs in which they ſtood. Their ſloops of war, and veſſels of ſtill inferior note, which are the conſtant and neceſſary attendants on fleets, were either xebecs, galleys, feluccas, or even ſaicques; for though, in ſome particular inſtances, the Turks may condeſcend to imitate the example of foreign countries, yet they rigidly adhered to that of their anceſtors in others. It were, perhaps, as extravagant to expect that the Indian ſhould abandon his canoe, and conſtruct a ſhip according to the European method, as that the Turks ſhould relinquiſh the uſe of latteen ſails, or the peculiar forms adopted by them in the conſtruction of thoſe ſmaller ſhips of war and veſſels intended for commercial purpoſes,

which cuſtom, convenience, and the experience of their peculiar utility in the ſeas and climate of which they may be conſidered natives, have cauſed them to be eſteemed as the moſt perfect in that claſs of any built throughout the known world.

In reſpect to commerce, that of the Turks with foreign countries, carried on in ſhipping belonging to themſelves, is extremely limited, and the ſight of the Ottoman flag flying in a Chriſtian port might be conſidered nearly as ſingular an object as the ſtandard of Japan or China would be in the ſame ſituation. The terror of the plague naturally deters the inhabitants of all countries, not fataliſts, from encouraging ſuch an intercourſe, while the natural temper and inclination of the Turks appear by no means diſpoſed to uſe the ſmalleſt endeavour towards gaining that reception which they themſelves are as careleſs about as their neighbours are averſe to. The mercantile concerns of Turkey are, however, among the moſt conſiderable in the world: it is only owing to the peculiar manner in which they are conducted that they have ſuch trivial effect on the marine of the country, and that ſo ſmall a portion of veſſels ſhould ſuffice to ſupport it in the extent to which it was carried, particularly about the middle of the eighteenth century. The apparent myſtery may, however, be eaſily developed, and explained in a very few words. A very conſiderable part of the Turkiſh commerce is carried on, as it was in the days of Mahomet, through the medium of caravans, to which, in ſubſequent ages, had been added the aid of inland navigation.

The Caſpian and the Euxine ſeas, together with the numerous and conſequential rivers which interſect the country, have rendered the intercourſe between the remoteſt parts of India and Ruſſia by no means difficult, though perhaps ſomewhat tedious, even without the intervention and aſſiſtance of what may be properly called the ſcience of navigation. By the means juſt pointed out, the different commodities, as well thoſe which were the immediate production of Turkey itſelf as thoſe which were transferred thither from other countries, were with apparent eaſe conveyed to any port which neceſſity, or the wiſh of the merchant, might require. In caſes where this meaſure became inconvenient without the aſſiſtance of ſhipping, the flotilla of the country, which fully ſupplied by its numbers the want of extenſive individual burthen, immediately afforded its aid; and the veſſels of France, of Spain, of Britain, and other nations, repairing to the mart agreed on, the Turkiſh merchant, in his own perſon, derived every advantage that could reſult from commerce. He roſe indeed far ſuperior to the foreigner with whom he traded, inaſmuch as he ſat down perfectly at eaſe, with reſpect to thoſe dangers which are naturally attendant on a ſea voyage, and was exempt from all loſs on the inſtant his commodities were delivered to the purchaſer from his own ſtore; inſtead of being

under the neceſſity, as is the general cuſtom with other people, of conveying them at their own riſk to the place of their deſtination.

This arrangement was nevertheleſs extremely injurious to what may be conſidered the naval conſequence of the country itſelf; but that is a circumſtance which the political directors of the government have had the wiſdom to diſcover cannot be remedied; and have therefore poſſeſſed ſufficient prudence not to make the vain attempt, conſcious that thoſe countries of Europe, whoſe navies have acquired them the appellation of maritime powers, would not ſuffer the moſt diſtant attempt to be made, that might appear likely to erect a force which might come in competition with their own. The equipment of a Turkiſh fleet has always therefore appeared as a conſtrained act of neceſſity, impoſed on the government of the country, and a violence done to the wiſhes of the people, who conſidered the defence of their ſovereign and themſelves could not be confided to better hands than the ardour of their janiſſaries and their ſpahis.

Happy Meeting between an old French Clergyman and his Pariſhioners.

[From Kotzebue's Travels.]

L**, an old man of 70, had been rector in the village of Gagny, in the department of Seine and Oiſe, 25 years; but, like many others, was proſcribed and tranſported. Having wandered about for many years in a ſtate of wretchedneſs, a milder government permitted him at laſt to reviſit his native home. A ſhort time before my arrival, he paid a viſit to the mayor of Villemamble, a village in the neighbourhood of Gagny. Being ſo near his former manſion, he felt an irreſiſtible deſire of reviſiting his old ſteeple. The mayor attended him. At the ſight of his village the hoary ſire was extremely agitated, and could walk no further without being ſupported by his friend. Scarcely had he paſt the firſt houſes, ſcarcely had ſome of the inhabitants perceived him, but ſhouts of joy reſounded all over the place, with the exclamation: "Our old parſon is returned!" Men, women, and children, thronged to ſee him; he was ſurrounded, almoſt ſtifled with careſſes, and loaded with bleſſings. Every one wiſhed to treat him; one drags him into this houſe, another into that; they produce the children born ſince his abſence; they will not ſuffer him to depart, without pledging his promiſe to come and ſay maſs on the following Sunday; he promiſed it, and kept his word. Though he no longer found his ſacerdotal habits, and the former ornaments of the church, yet

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the whole altar was decorated with flowers, and the whole village was contained within the precincts of the church. He performed the sacred functions of his office with heart-moving sensibility, upon which a Te Deum was suddenly chanted. He asked why?—" We celebrate your return," was the answer. Scarcely able to sustain the weight of so much cordial attachment, he leaves the church; a solemn deputation of his flock wait on him with the earnest prayer to return to the parsonage, and end the remaining days of his venerable career in the midst of his children. Such had not been his design; he had longed for solitary repose, but what resistance can be opposed to such prayers? Scenes of this kind, I am assured, have happened in several places.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

INSPECTOR, No. I.

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small.

IT is generally expected, that when a writer throws off his natural modesty, and ventures to appear before the public, he should prefix to his works a preface, which may contain some particulars that may be of use to the reader in the perusal of the subsequent discourse, and which may prejudice him in favour of the author. I should suppose it is likewise customary, for authors first to write the book which they intend to expose to the eye of the public, and afterwards prefix a preface. But I shall do exactly the contrary; for my plan being different from many others, and not having yet determined on what subjects to write, I choose to address the public first with a preface, which if I find favourably received, may perhaps be followed by longer discourses. By this method, I shall gain two considerable advantages; for if my writings are not worth my readers' attention, I shall both save them the trouble of reading, and myself the labour of composing.

I must confess that I always read a book with a superior degree of pleasure, when I am acquainted with some particularities of the author's life. As the feelings of men are in general much the same, though diversified by their different modes of life, I shall judge of my readers by my own, and give them a short account of myself. It may probably a little excite their curiosity and attention, when I inform them I am a descendant of the family of the Spectator, who with his brother the Guardian,

&c. nearly a century ago, made themſelves ſo uſeful by giving advice to the men of literature, and in regulating the order of ſociety. My illuſtrious anceſtors were remarkable for the hardineſs of their conſtitutions, for which reaſon one of them was called Ironſide.

Being of a weakly habit when I was young, it was apprehended I might prove a diſhonour to my family, and I was accordingly ſent into the north of England, where I reſided 'till I gained ſufficient ſtrength for me to be acknowledged by my relations. I was never married; but as I am of a ſociable diſpoſition, I have always boarded in ſome family. Here I am remarked for many ſingularities of behaviour; but as I am not obliged to declare any thing unfavourable of myſelf, I ſhall not relate them, but only ſay, that as they are not criminal, and reſpect only myſelf, my fellow-creatures are thereby no ſufferers.

My chief acquaintance is Tom Wanderer, a young man of a lively imagination and good parts, whom I have for ſeveral years taken under my care. Before our acquaintance commenced, Tom applied himſelf wholly to the ſtudy of philoſophy, by which he acquired a certain auſterity of behaviour, that would not allow him to enter into the common pleaſures of ſociety, or even the common feelings of humanity. By my advice he read ſeveral of our beſt Engliſh poets, and was ſo particularly delighted with Milton, that from that time he reſolved to devote a portion of his time to the ſtudy of poetry. An alteration in his ſentiments and behaviour was ſoon diſcoverable, and I was much ſurpriſed one morning, when on entering his cloſet, I found on the deſk ſeveral ſhort poems. I will therefore venture to engage, that this young votary of the muſes ſhall from time time furniſh my readers with amuſement.

A few days ago we were walking in the fields, admiring their returning verdure, when my companion burſt out in a poetic rapture.

"Wide flush the fields, the ſoftening air is balm;
——————the foreſt ſmiles;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry ſenſe is joy."

I turned round to him, and lamenting the general dulneſs and inſipidity of converſation, the whole matter of which is either politics, or ſome other ſubject ſtill leſs intereſting, propoſed that we ſhould ſolicit ſeveral of our friends, whom I mentioned, to enter into a club, for the purpoſe of improving ourſelves in rational converſation. He readily agreed to my propoſal; and our ſucceſs was ſuch, that there is now added to our ſociety, Ambroſe Mercatus, a linen-draper, and a gentleman whoſe name is Arthur Quickſilver. The former beſides being a ſkilful, well-informed

informed man, in his profeſſion as a tradeſman, has a conſiderable knowledge of aſtronomy; and the latter is a proficient in chemiſtry, and ſeveral other branches of natural philoſophy.

At our firſt meeting it was unanimouſly reſolved,

1. That the club ſhall meet once in three weeks, and oftener, if neceſſary.

2. That as the good of mankind is the motive of its inſtitution, it ſhall be called the Philanthropic Club.

3. That each member ſhall employ himſelf in making obſervations for ſubjects of converſation, the reſult of which ſhall be communicated to the public.

4. That Roger Inſpector ſhall act as ſecretary to the club, and have their proceedings inſerted in the Weekly Entertainer.

Particulars of the Manor of Conerton, in Cornwall, for ſeveral Centuries in the poſſeſſion of the noble Family of Arundell.

[From Bowles's Account of the Hundred of Penwith, which is attached to the Manor of Conerton.]

WILLIAM the Conqueror introduced the feudal principle, that all eſtates mediately or immediately were held of the ſovereign, and having ſeized the honours and eſtates of thoſe who had oppoſed them, parcelled them out amongſt his followers, favourites, and countrymen, converting the diſtinctions, which before the conqueſt chiefly reſpected the civil polity, into a ſort of military eſtabliſhment, adapted to the ſupport and ſecurity of his newly acquired poſſeſſions, and congenial with the views of his ſupporters. The office of earl, which before was elective in the people, now became hereditary, or granted for life, or at will, at the option of the ſovereign.

The honour of Glouceſter, with four hundred and forty manors in ſeveral counties, particularly the manor of Cunerton or Conerton, in Cornwall, to which was attached the hundred of Penwith, belonging to Brictric, a Saxon, were ſeized, and granted to Alan, earl of Brittainy, one of his attendants; they did not however long continue in the family of Alan, as they were ſoon after given to Queen Maud, wife of the conqueror, and on her death they reverted to the crown, and on the death of the conqueror, deſcended to William Rufus, and in his hands continued until he gave them to Robert Fitzhamon, nephew of the conqueror. Dugdale in his Baronage ſays, that Brictric was diſpoſſeſſed of this honour, &c. at the inſtigation of Maud, the conqueror's wife, becauſe, when he was embaſſador beyond ſeas and

ſhe

ſhe a maid, he refuſed to marry her; he ſays too that the honour was immediately conferred on Maud, the conqueror's wife.

Robert Fitzhamon left iſſue four daughters his heireſſes, one of whom afterwards married Robert, ſurnamed, conſul of Glouceſter, the illegitimate ſon of King Henry the firſt, by whom he was created earl of Glouceſter, and died in 1147, when William his eldeſt ſon ſucceeded to the honours; but in the firſt year of King Henry the ſecond, 1154, Robert his ſon, with the conſent of his father, granted the manor of Cunarton or Conerton, with its hundreds and liberties, to Richard Pincerne and his heirs, and King Henry the ſecond by his letters patent confirmed the ſame. To Richard Pincerne ſucceeded his ſon John Pincerne, and William, ſon of the earl of Gloſter, dying in his father's life-time, his ſiſter, and heir of his father, Mabel (afterwards the wife of William earl of Evreaux) alſo confirmed the ſaid grant. This John Pincerne aſſumed the name of Conerton, and left iſſue a ſon Richard, to whom Richard brother of Henry the third, then earl of Poictiers and Cornwall, afterwards king of the Romans, granted and confirmed the hundred of Penwith, with powers of attachment of appointing an hundredman, and all iſſues profits pleas of the ſame hundred, reſerving one third part of ſuch profits to the ſaid earl, to be paid to his vicecomes.* The ſaid Richard, ſurnamed of Conerton, had iſſue Alice, who married temp. Ed. 1ſt. Sir Renfrew Arundell, knight, in whoſe family this manor and hundred have ever ſince continued.

By virtue of theſe grants and confirmations, the owners or lords of this hundred and manor enjoy the moſt extenſive privileges;—in right of them, they have the appointment of a judge to try all cauſes of treſpaſs, treſpaſs on the caſe, debt, detinue, and within the ſame of a gaoler for the detention of perſons, who by proceſs from the court of the hundred may be apprehended; the regalia of the navigable rivers and havens; the right to preſent to all ſuch churches as were previous to the grant and confirmation by Henry II. in the crown, and not afterwards alienated by the family;† to the royal mines of gold and ſilver; to wrecks, eſcheats, deodands, treaſure trove, waifs, eſtrays, goods of felons, and to droits of admiralty happening therein; and laſtly, to receive from ſeveral of the owners or lords of the principal manors within its limits, fee-farm, or high rent, which prove the grant of ſuch manors to have been ſubſequent to the

6 grant

* Henry the ſixth, by charter dated 23d March, in the 26th year of his reign, granted ſuch third part of the profits of the hundred to John Arundell, Eſq. and his heirs, yielding a ſmall rent for the ſame.

† William, earl of Glouceſter, granted the churches of Conarton, Eglyſhayes, and ſome others to the priory of St. James, Briſtol.—Dugdale's Monaſticon.

grant of the hundred, and in consequence the owner of the hundred's right to the royalties of such manors.

The family of Arundell, the owners of this princely honour, having always professed the religion of the church of Rome, their right to present to the churches originally in the crown could not have been exercised since the reformation, and it is probable either the crown or the duke of Cornwall may on this account have made presentations to the vacant livings within the hundred. Privileges and rights so honourable and extensive, conferring on the possessor, as Camden said of the owner in his day, the epithet of "Great," must have excited jealousies in those who under the grants and confirmations of them, were considered as dependent lords on the lord of the hundred, and hence on account of the casual profits from wrecks, &c. many have been the devices and plans proposed and practised to narrow and circumscribe them;—at one time the attorney general at the relation or instigation of some interested or invidious person, demanding by his legal inquisitorial authority of "quo warranto," the owner's claim to such large powers; at other times usurping lords taking advantage of the supineness of the lord of the hundred or his agents in watching their rights, have exercised powers which did not belong to them; and the seizure of a waif, an estray, or the quietly taking possession of part of a wreck on some part of the coast, has emboldened them to deny the legal right of the lord of the hundred; but whenever these rights have been investigated or invaded, and a contest has been the consequence, the result of each, in almost every instance, has confirmed the paramount claim of the lord.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

THE following remarkable incidents are related in an account from Edinburgh.

On Saturday the 23d of February last, a girl between nine and ten years of age, with her brother, who was only seven years old, were returning from the head of Glendaruel, over the Strathlan mountains, to their parents at Maclachlan Park. They had not travelled far when a most violent snow storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, commenced, and continued for with very short intervals during the two following nights and days. The snow in a short time completely covered the foot-path which leads across the mountains, so that the children wandered off the common tract; and by the close of day the girl was quite overcome by the fury of the storm and the cold, and sunk to which the poor creatures lay down for the night, the girl doing her utmost to shelter her little brother; as soon as

day

day light came ſhe rouſed the boy, and prevailed on him to proceed.

They wandered about in the mountains the whole of Sunday, entirely ignorant where they were, or in what direction they ſhould go, the boy frequently dropping down, exhauſted with hunger and fatigue: the ſiſter ſays it was with much difficulty ſhe could keep him awake; but that herſelf did not cloſe her eyes during the three days and two nights they were on the mountains;—that ſhe continually weeped, calling upon God's name. They paſſed Sunday night as the preceding; and were ſo weak on Monday, that neither could move nor even cry out, for the girl once ſaw a grown up brother of her's within a very ſhort diſtance, but ſhe found herſelf quite incapable to get up, or call loud enough to be heard.

On the evening of Monday, the poor creatures, at the laſt gaſp, were providentially diſcovered by one of the Strathlachlan people, who, to the number of about 100, were the whole day in ſearch of them. The girl had a ham in her charge, of which her ſtarving brother often preſſed her to let him take a bite, but ſhe would not allow him to touch it, making him chew the heather as ſhe herſelf did. All the way the girl carried a favourire pup about her neck, which ſhe thinks greatly helped to keep her and her brother alive during the nights, as it covered the neck and breaſt of both completely. When urged that ſhe muſt have ſlept, ſhe ſaid that ſhe did not cloſe her eyes the whole time, fearing much that the pup would eat the ham. The poor children are perfectly recovered from the hardſhips they underwent.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT *of a* MARE.

Written by Mr. William Maunder, of Cruwys Morchard, near Tiverton, who died about forty years ago.

ON Sunday morning, near the end of Aprill, or beginning, of May, 1724, the ſorrell mare I formerly bought of Mr. Cruwys, foaled a mare colt, perfectly grown, living, and ſtrong, but the mare would never ſuffer it to ſuck, nor any one to touch her udder, & believe had little or no milk, wherefore we took the colt into houſe and fed it with milk ſeveral days, but att laſt it died:

Sunday July 26, next following, ſhe foal'd again a ſtone colt, perfectly grown, living, and ſtrong, and ſuckled it very fondly.

N. B.

N. B. She ſeemed to be very fond of the firſt colt, after we took it into houſe, and came neighing at the door very frequently for two or three days; and ſhe ſeemed to have the ſigns of a mare that had newly foaled, and was bloody; but there having been an old blind mare with her in the field, I ſent Wm. Radford, the ſame day, to examine if there were ſigns of her having foaled, but nothing at all appeared. The mare's udder was ſwoln ſome days after, as if ſhe had had the udder ill, but in a few days abated; 'till after ſome weeks, it again increaſed regularly 'till the ſecond foaling.

N. B. Alſo before the firſt foaling ſhe had ſeverall tokens, viz. ſhe fell in at the muggle, her belly was very big, ſhe travelled very dull and heavy; but afterwards I ridd her ſeveral journeys, and ſhe went much more free; but was ſurprized that the udder was ſwoln again, and more ſo when her belly grew ſo big, but never believed ſhe would have a ſecond colt ſo ſoon, 'till we ſaw it—tho' we jeſted of a ſuper-fœtation.

AN ANECDOTE.

THROUGH a zeal for the divine worſhip, which was, perhaps, carried too far, Elizabeth, empreſs of Ruſſia, forbade the uſe of ſnuff in the church. The churchwarden was authorized to take away every box that was viſible. One of the nobles thought he could conceal his ſo cunningly as to avoid the law, but he did not eſcape the intereſted watchfulneſs of the ſexton, who came and demanded his ſnuff-box; it was a very rich preſent from the empreſs herſelf. The offender made this a plea for claiming its reſtitution. In fact the empreſs did order it to be reſtored to its owner; but ſhe, at the ſame time, looked into the account of her expences for the price ſhe had given for the box, and condemned the offender to pay that ſum as a forfeit to the churchwarden.

Anſwer, by T. Kite, of Stockland, to W. Harvey's Queſtion, inſerted January 14.

IN 5 gallons of ale are 1410 inches. Therefore to $9\times7=63$, add one-third of the ſquare of 2 (the difference of the fruſtrum's diameter) $=64.333$, which $\times.7854=50.5271$ &c. then $1410\div50.527=27.9$ inches, the depth of the fruſtrum very near.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Giles, a pupil in Mr. Chivers's ſchool at St. Auſtell; and Thomas Bullock, of St. Columb.

Anſwer, by J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell, to P. Ninnis's Charade, inſerted July 16.

SPUR-DOG, a fiſh, I have reveal'd,
Which you ſo cunningly conceal'd.

Anſwer, by J. Paſcal, to the Bill of Fare for Chriſtmas, inſerted December 24.

WELL done, my brave boy! what an excellent treat,
You've prepar'd for your friends who're invited to eat:
A SIRLOIN is famous, a GOOSE, and HARE good;
HAMS, CHICKENS, and TONGUE, all delectable food;
But to me PIGEON PIE is above all the reſt,
Tho' SNIPE, PHEASANT, WOODCOCK, I like I proteſt;
Then with plenty of VEGETABLES, as I'm a ſinner,
A better collection ne'er made up a dinner.
Your liquors are good, PORTER, MOUNTAIN, and PORT,
Will keep up the ſpirits, and tend to make ſport;
And at laſt may your gueſts, when the PUNCH bowl appears,
Drink your health in a bumper, and join in three cheers.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, S. Murch, and P. Gove, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; and T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey.

Anſwer, by W. Mann, of Aſhburton, to W. Bickham's Charade, inſerted Dec. 31.

A NIGHT-CAP's in your charade ſeen,
And pleaſant 'tis to wear I ween.

*** We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

A REBUS, *by W. Tucker, of Tilſhead, Wilts.*

MY firſt was holy David's ſweet delight;
My ſecond's half of what I do at light;
My third and laſt to know you muſt diſcloſe
What oft I uſe when muſic I compoſe:
Theſe parts united quickly will pourtray,
An inſtrument that I delight to play.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

SPRING! lovely ſpring! enlivens every heart,
And mirth and friendſhip oft their joys impart;
Youth is the ſeaſon when both heart and mind
Are moſt attracted, and to mirth inclin'd,
When beauty's charms ſit ſmiling on the brow,
And health's bright roſes moſt conſpicuous glow,
The heart is gay, the ſprings of life beat high,
The proſpects fair, and clear as ſummer's ſky:
But ſoon, alas! how ſoon, when I appear,
The blooming faces different aſpects wear.
Unwelcome viſitor I am at beſt,
For 'tis well known that oft I cauſe diſtreſs;
For pain and ſorrow all my ſteps attend,
And few conſider me to be a friend;
For true it is, I often fatal prove
To giddy youth, to manhood, and to love.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines occaſioned by the Loſs of the Ship, the Earl of Abergavenny, on the 5th of February, 1805.

'MID theſe deep ſhades, emboſom'd from the world,
I've mark'd the ſeaſons changing as they've roll'd,
Have pip'd my reed, and trembling tun'd my ſong
Of Albion's battles, and of Europe's wrongs.

But now, behold! I hear the dirge-like ſtrain
Of death and horror from the waſteful main!
O! for the muſe of Falconer, now no more,
Ill-fated bark! thy ruins to deplore.
Methinks I ſee the bard immortal ſtand,
With mournful harp on Weymouth's ſea-beat ſtrand;
When the ſtorm roar'd, the billowy tempeſt rav'd,
And death's own terrors rode along the wave;
Lament with me, in ſtrains ſublimer far,
The woes and wrecks of elemental war;
Direct his own, and Albion's flowing eyes,
Where Abergavenny's fair ſtructure lies:
O'er her brave crew, and freight of glittering gold,
The foaming ſurges of old ocean roll'd;
Her ſeamen bold, entomb'd with many a groan,
Whoſe ſorrowing ſpirits crowd the world unknown.

O! ſhade of Wordſworth! 'mid the ocean's deeps,
Thy corpſe, lamented Briton! ſoundly ſleeps;
Let ſable ſorrow clothe the nation's brow,
Be joys, be mirth, be pomp and pride laid low!
With fun'ral honours every boſom mourn,
And pour your woes o'er Wordſworth's briny urn.
Ah! whilſt I feebly ſweep the lyrian ſtring,
Of ſtorms, of death, and ocean's horrors ſing;
Ye ſacred nine! embalm his gallant name,
With endleſs ſongs of fair enduring fame;
That while his ſpirit treads the plains of heav'n,
On earth the meed of juſt applauſe be giv'n.

May hap ſome brave Arions there had climb'd
Thy gallant top-maſt 'mid the ſtormy wind;
Or ſad Palemons, driv'n by ſtern command,
From ſmiles of Annas', and their native land;
Encompaſs'd round with death's horrific night,
Bade their laſt farewell to ſweet life and light.
Bring pallid ſnow-drops, drooping lilies bring,
Cold, ſhroud-like flow'rets from the new-born ſpring;
Ah! ſtrew them thickly o'er the ruthleſs wave,
Where many a youthful ſailor found a grave;
Where many a hardy vet'ran, old and worn,
'Mid Britain's battles, or the ocean's ſtorm,
Loſt Abergavenny! ſunk down with thee,
And clos'd their aged eyes amid the ſea.

O! whilſt my country mourns, the muſes weep,
And ſing the horrors of the boundleſs deep;

Whilſt

Whilſt man, on earth, deplores that dreaded bourn
Whence fathers, friends, or lovers ne'er return;
'Tis thine, who when the mighty work began,
Sprung into life at Heav'n's ſupreme command;
'Tis thine, O man! to bow beneath his arm,
Who rolls the thunder, and o'erules the ſtorm.
His might, his works, his power are unconfin'd,
He "heaves old ocean," and controuls the wind.
Pauſe for a moment—huſh thine earth-born woe,
The Heavens his throne! his footſtool here below!
'Tis not for man, child of the duſt t'arraign
Th' Eternal Mind, or bound his boundleſs reign.

Did the fair moon and ſtars withdraw their light,
Nor gild the gloomy brow of darkſome night;
Did the bright ſun refuſe t' illume the day,
And heaven ſhrunk like a ſcroll depart away;
The Eternal Founder of the World remains,
A God of Power, forever, and the ſame!

Near Shaſton. LAVINIA.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A FRAGMENT.

STAY, gentle lady! ſtay;
The wind blows fierce; the torrents pour;
The white waves thunder on the ſhore,
And darkneſs ſhrowds the way.

Thou ſeem'ſt ſo deadly pale;
O lady fair! ſo wrapp'd in grief,
I fain would yield thy ſoul relief,
And ſave thee from the gale.

Shun not my lowly door;
A hermit's couch, a hermit's fare,
May ſooth awhile thy anxious care,
And waſted ſtrength reſtore.

But whilſt he ſpoke—the form
That mov'd his heart with piteous ſighs,
Thrice ſhriek'd, thrice pointed to the ſkies,
And vaniſh'd in the ſtorm.

COLIN.

To a WRETCH, SHIVERING *in the* STREETS.

THY plaintive voice, ſo eloquent and meek,
Poor child of wretchedneſs! I never hear,
But ſilently I turn t' indulge the tear
Which pity gives! To me thine accents ſpeak,
Haply, of her who knows no friend, the fate,
Of one ſo dark deſpondency confign'd,
Or caſt to the cold mercy of mankind,
On life's bleak waſte! But thou, tho' deſolate,
Shalt find no ſhelter! thro' her proud abode,
Grandeur, in folly's ſplendid robes, ſhall flaunt,
Riot his ſong of merriment ſhall chaunt:
But thou ſhalt journey friendleſs on thy road,
Nor ſhall one friendly brother think on thee,
Save him who pitieth poverty like me!